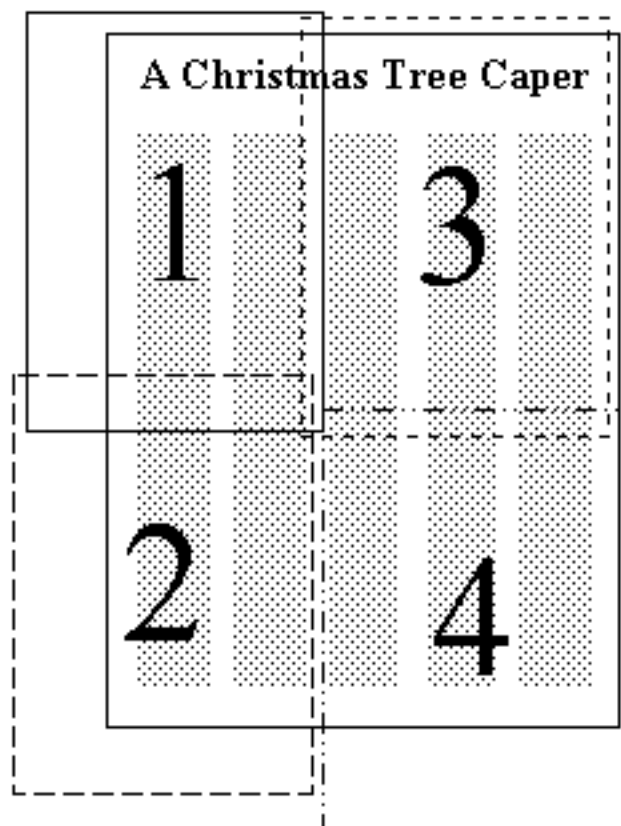


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



The Egghead and

SHORT STORY COMPLETE

By JACK RITCHIE

DUDE MARTIN showed fine teeth in a grimace as I put pressure on the stepover toe hold. Evans, who was acting his part as referee, was on his knees, his eyes preoccupied with the space between Dude's shoulders and the canvas.

I kicked Dude most foully in the region of the liver.

A shimmer of roars and shrieks demanded of Evans that he pay some attention to what was going on. He gazed into my wide eyes and detected no evil. He resumed contemplation of the position of Dude's shoulders.

I put my heel on the bandage around Dude's knee and ground it with obvious Neanderthal ferocity.

Outside the ring, fists were waved and women brandished spike-heeled shoes.

Dude managed to break loose. Valiant, but grievously wounded, he used the ropes to drag himself to his feet.

I brushed Evans aside and snarled as I closed in. Dude continued to evince terrible distress as I worked on the injured leg. He writhed and rolled on his back, one arm despairingly over his eyes.

It was all plainly more than the human body, even that of a clean-cut kid, could bear. Dude's shoulders rested on the canvas for the count of three.

Evans patted my shoulder to indicate that I was declared the winner of the third and deciding fall.

A detail of six policemen escorted me through the rain of paper cups back to the dressing room.

Dude joined me a few minutes later, limping until the door closed behind him.

HE TOOK off his bandage and tossed it into the waste basket. There was a frown on his face as he examined his fingernails. "I think I got a vitamin deficiency or something. I keep breaking nails out there."

The next evening when I called on Helen Conway, her father introduced me to George Heber, a tall spectacled man about my



Dude grimaced as I put pressure on the stepover

the humidor. "Jerry's a college graduate too."

George sneered slightly. "Bachelor of Arts, I presume?"

I studied him without enthusiasm. "No man is a modern scientist unless he plays golf in the low seventies. Let's see your cups."

His lip curled again. "I've chosen mountain climbing as my outlet and I mean to get around to it any day now." His stare was unblinking. "I understand now why evolution has taken so long. Some people keep dragging their feet."

"Sir," I said. "I am a wrestler and therefore not a man of violence, however . . ."

Helen held up her hand. "I'm going out with George tonight, Jerry. He's going to show me his uranium collection."

I examined him more critically. "I'm still not worried."

His smile was smug. "Don't underestimate me. The day of

On Friday I managed to get to the Conway home before George did. "This has got to stop," I said firmly. "I'm tired of playing chess every night."

Helen's eyes were preoccupied. "George is a true dedicated scientist. He hasn't been known to smile in years."

I rubbed my chin thoughtfully. "I'll become more intellectual. I'll give up wrestling and go back to law school."

Mr. Conway shook his head sadly. "You'd be putting an end to a promising career. You are on your way to becoming the most hated wrestler in the country."

I nodded regretfully. "People are beginning to recognize me on the streets. Yesterday a charming old lady tried to brain me with her handbag."

Helen's blue eyes surveyed me. "Being a lawyer is so old-fashioned and commercial. You'd always be home for

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The next evening when I called on Helen Conway, her father introduced me to George Heber, a tall spectacled man about my age. "Helen met him at the science exhibit two days ago. By chance they admired the same isotopes and one thing led to another."

George regarded me with a trace of suspicion. "Jerry O'Bannon? I thought you were the wrestler Heartless Hovac?"

"One of my stage names," I said proudly. "In Peoria I'm Hypodermic Harry. Doctors have praised my technique."

He shrugged. "We saw you on television last night. Not exactly my type of entertainment, but evidently Mr. Conway enjoys vaudeville."

Helen came down the stairs dressed to go out. "George is a scientist. He's the only man in the history of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to get through with straight C's."

George pushed up the bridge of his glasses. "It wasn't easy. I almost got a B in swimming."

Mr. Conway filled his pipe at

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His smile was smug. "Don't underestimate me. The day of the Egg Head, scientific division, has come."

Mr. Conway puffed his pipe. "It's all right, Jerry. George's mother will be there too."

I PATTED George on the shoulder. "I know she'll protect you."

I watched them go and then sighed. "I remember the gay naive days when all you had to do to impress a girl was to have an anchor tattooed on the back of your hand. Now you need to know the molecular structure of tungsten."

Mr. Conway nodded. "Open any magazine nowadays and there you'll see a scientist, intelligent, mature, and leaning casually against a government contract."

I played chess with Mr. Conway that night and the two succeeding nights. On Thursday evening I wrestled the Abominable Snowman, an amiable creature quite popular with the fans. I was disqualified for roughness.

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"I was. But I got transferred. Just because there were a few little mistakes . . ." He scowled. "I couldn't stand the inter-service rivalry, anyway."

He looked out of the window at my car and I thought I detected a sigh.

"George," I said. "What stand do you take on the subject of money?"

HIS FACE was disdainful. "I detest it. Money is for knaves and fools."

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ALMANAC FOR TODAY

By United Press International
Today is Sunday, July 28, the 209th day of 1963, with 156 to follow.

The moon is at first quarter.

The morning stars are Jupiter and Saturn.

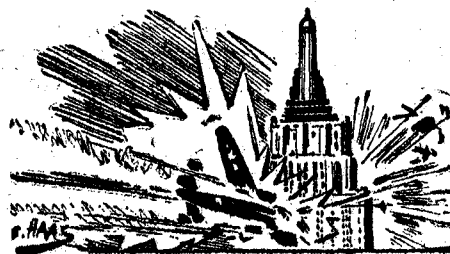
The evening stars are Mars and Saturn.

ON THIS DAY in history:

In 1914, Austria declared war on Serbia, the beginning of World War I.

In 1932, Federal troops drove out more than 15,000 unemployed war veterans who were camping in Washington. The ex-service men were demanding immediate payment of "war bonuses."

In 1945, the U.S. Senate



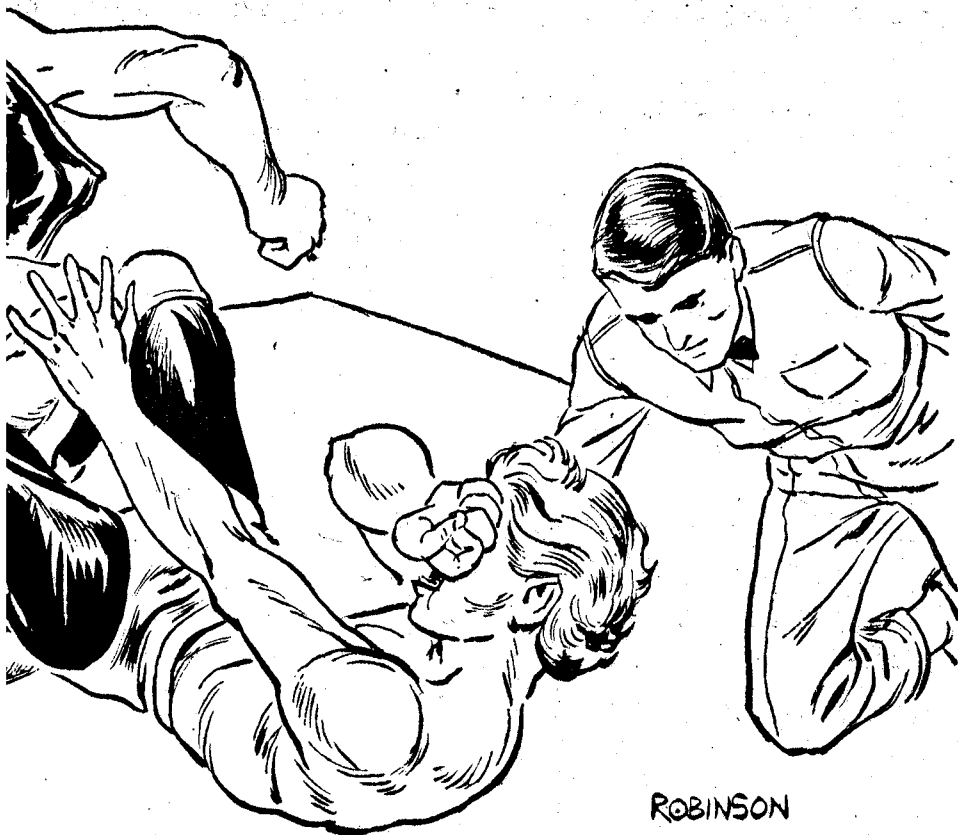
fied the charter of the United Nations.

In 1945, an Army B-25 bomber crashed into the Empire State Building in New York, killing 13 persons and injuring 25.

A thought for the day—American novelist Henry Thoreau said: "It is characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things."

Head and I

RY COMPLETE ON PAGE



ROBINSON

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"But, George," I said. "I can show you how to get it."

He looked around the room and then cleared his throat. "That's different. How?"

Helen was shocked. "George!"

I smiled ingratiatingly. "Wrestling promoters are always on the lookout for unusual talent. And frankly I've never seen anything more unusual than you."

George looked dubious.

"We'll put a mushroom cloud on your dressing gown," I said. "Egghead Egbert, the man who wrestles in the fourth dimension."

He was still uncertain. "But I'm not strong. I nourished a childhood fragility into adult weakness."

"Believe me, George," I said. "Strength is the last thing you'll need." I smiled expansively. "Your opponents will insist on going over you with a Geiger counter before every

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"Believe me, George," I said. "Strength is the last thing you'll need." I smiled expansively. "Your opponents will insist on going over you with a Geiger counter before every match. Just think of it, George, fame, applause, money. Maybe even an Academy Award."

"But, George," Helen said. "I thought you were dedicated to science. You hate money."

He shrugged. "I believe I've never really given it a fair trial."

I wrote my manager's name and address on a slip of paper. "If you hurry, you might find him at home. Perhaps he'll even let you go over some of the old scripts."

I watched him drive away. "Somehow I feel fond of that boy . . . Now."

There was sadness in Helen's voice. "I'm disappointed in him."

I turned to her. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the . . ."

Helen's eyes widened. "Why, Jerry! You are intellectual. In a non-scientific sort of way."

"I'm a lot deeper than you think," I said. "In college I was sergeant at arms of the Poetry Club."

She smiled softly. "Were you really worried?"

"Yes," I said. "Always."

And you are, when you love someone.

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